

THE  
ART  
OF  
DECYPHERING  
DISCOVERED:

IN A  
Copy of VERSES to a Lady,  
UPON

Sending her an *Ænigma*, written in Cyphers.

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*De propriis nominibus uno numero designatis, & quæ sunt  
horum instar non nisi ex circumstantiis aliunde cognitæ con-  
jectare licet.* Wallis.

Men of Skill and Penetration can discern, that all Initial Letters  
have Political Meanings, &c. Lemuel Gulliver.

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# DECRYPTING DISCOVERED

IN A

Copy of VERSES to a Lady

UPON

See line her an ... written in ...

The ... and ... of ...  
... and ... of ...  
...

Men of Skill and Penetration can discern that all ...  
have Political Meanings ...



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The ART of  
**DECYPHERING**  
DISCOVERED:

IN A  
Copy of VERSES to a Lady,

UPON

Sending her an *Enigma*, written in Cyphers.

 F for a while you can sit still,  
Free from your Needle and *Quadrille*,  
And spare the Time, as one may say,  
For what is neither Work nor Play;  
Of Fish and Muslin clear your Lap,  
And put on your confid'ring Cap;  
Whilst these few Figures kiss your Hand,  
And humbly beg they may be scann'd.

In

In vain to puzzle you they try,  
 Who deal in odd Cryptography ;  
 Who *This* for *That* at Pleasure set,  
 And forming new the Alphabet,  
 Contiguous Words together blend,  
 Without Beginning, without End.  
 You scorn to triumph in Success  
 Against weak Monosyllables,  
 Disdain at the first Glance to see  
 A leading *S*, or closing *E*,  
 To pick and glean up by the by,  
 A naked *A*, or straggling *I* :  
 But bravely charge the full Discourse,  
 And rout its whole united Force.

The Vowels first become your Prey,  
 Themselves conspiring to betray ;  
 And prove less formidable far,  
 By how much more their Numbers are.



The bulky Consonant succeeds  
 Next Object of your martial Deeds;  
 While you with proper Arms salute  
 The gentle *Liquid* and rough *Mute*,  
 Whose Fate so early is not fix'd;  
 When interchangeably they're mix'd;  
 But a short date of Life is theirs;  
 If they presume to march by Pairs,  
 Let Q his Corner keep, for you  
 Never give Quarter to a Q;  
 His fall, and falling opens bare  
 His poor ill-fated Neighbour R  
 Nor spare you long that asp'rate Sound,  
 Which gives French Ears so sore a Wound;  
 Nor that which to this Day is brought  
 By the North Britons from the Throat  
 Your once rais'd Courage never drops,  
 But viewing well the shatter'd Troops  
*Virago-like* you keep the Field,  
 Till stubborn K's and X's yield.

You

B

You

You bid Deserters cease to boast,  
 That they have wisely left their Post:  
 And from the over-crowded Place,  
 The Supernumeraries chase,  
 Or if some few have hop'd to scape  
 By putting on a borrow'd Shape,  
 Distinguish'd thro' the thin Disguise,  
 They stand confess'd before your Eyes;  
 And finding all Things in your Power,  
 Submit, and own you Conquerour.

So when a General sits down  
 In form, to take a Frontier Town,  
 The Place is carefully survey'd,  
 Where least Resistance may be made,  
 Till pushing on within its Reach,  
 He storms and enters at the Breach.  
 And thus by regular Degrees,  
 The Town and Citadel are his.

Your

B

Your



Your Rules successfully pursue,  
 But all this between *Me* and *You*;  
 For if these Points you should impart,  
 You will disclose and spoil the Art;  
 And that much more; mark what I say,  
 Than by deliv'ring up the K E Y;  
 From which the World has had full Proof  
 Our Science is secure enough:  
 But this would open all the Plot,  
 Which either we are sure cannot;  
 Nay, should you go and publish now,  
 Not only *what* you do, but *how*;  
*Britannicus* himself, I fear,  
 May in due time turn Conjuror;  
 And who so much, at Random, skills,  
 May quite out-strip his Favourite *W* ----

I now suppose you have begun,  
 And fancy half the Bus'ness done;

But

But after all, perhaps you'll find  
 A harder Task is yet behind  
 For should the Cypher answer right  
 What's that, unless you can apply  
 And fathoming the whole Intent,  
 Can tell both what and who meant

THE KEY

has had full Proof

enough

the Plot

cannot

May, should you go and publish now,

Not only what you do, but how;



May quite one W

I now suppose you have begun  
 And fancy half the Business done;

But